

hing in the porch; the needle stirred perceptibly to the left. A sudden smile lighted up his ingenuous face.

"It sinks, and I am ready to depart," he said, quoting Lamour with an exquisite apathy. He looked quickly round from face to face. Nobody had noticed. He climbed into the house.

Cromie Yellow was the diagnosis of a disease of the 1920s. *Anti-Thy*, published two years later, was a second opinion, coming closer to Huxley's lifelong concern with Gumbrell's speculation on the first page.

And as a sense of warmth about the heart, God as exultation, God as tears in the eyes, God as a rush of power or thought—that was all right. But God as truth, God as 2+2—that wasn't so clearly all right. Was there any chance of their being the same? Were there bridges to join the two worlds?

Here, witily, is the predecessor of Huxley's ponderous hump twenty years later of establishing

some sort of bridge between contemporary scientific thought and practice on the one hand and ancient oriental thought, based upon centuries of accumulated experience as well as on direct intuition by exceptional minds.

Gumbrell is the impotent over-intellectual at a stage further in development than Denis of *Cromie Yellow*, achieving sexual success in a false beard and financial independence with his pneumatic trousers. Much of the satire of ideas is richly comic; but already there is a tendency towards the over-grotesque.

Anne, the bored hedonist of *Cromie Yellow*, becomes the hectic Mrs. Vivash, a figure as fadedly vampish as her successor Lucy Tantrumount in *Point Counter Point*, or Iris Storm in Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat*. And Emily, Huxley's attempt, perhaps in deference to his wife, to create a nice girl, is a sentimental nonsense.

Lennard Huxley found *Anti-Hay* distasteful, accusing his son of "botanizing on his mother's grave". Aldous defended it as "a work in which all the ordinarily separated categories—tragic, comic, fantastic, realistic—are combined so to say chemically into a single entity". But with his next novel, *Those Barren Leaves*, "a discussion and fictional illustration of different views of life", he told his father:

The mere business of telling a story interests me less and less. I find it very difficult to understand the mentality of a man like Bennett who can sit down and spin out an immensely realistic affair about life in Clerkenwell (his latest, *Ricymann Steps* is that).

In most respects, Huxley's literary judgments were acute. He spotted the importance of *Ulysses*. *The Castle*, Graham Greene's first novel, *The Man Within*, immediately, and described Santayana as "exquisitely good writing that is... only another kind of bad writing". His failure to see the fabulous excellence of *Ricymann Steps* was a symptom of his abdication of novel-writing in favour of fictional homiletics, or of bridge-building between different disciplines.

Several times in his letters he announces:

I am not a born novelist, but some other kind of man of letters, possessing enough ingenuity to be able to simulate a novelist's behaviour not too convincingly. To put the matter physically, I am the wrong shape. Cromie Doyle was a barrel, Wells is a tub. Dear old Arnold Bennett was a chamber pot on spindly legs and Marcel Proust was the wreck of an editorial skeleton. So what chance has an emaciated fellow on stilts? ... The got of a round fat man, like G. K. Chesterton, may be as much as forty feet long. This got of a thin man, like myself, may be as little as eighteen feet long and weigh less than half what the Chestertonian intestine weighs. It would obviously be miraculous if this physical difference were not correlated with a mental difference.

However one explains Huxley's qualities, as "cerebrotonic, ektomorph, kergititis-punctated, rationalist, short-gutted, he was not interested in people in he could not have written: "I might try my hand on a book on human beings and what, if anything, to do about them." At the age of twenty-two he wrote, "I should like to go on for ever learning. I just for knowledge, as well theoretic, as empirical." It is his



Huxley in 1939-40

"learning" in both senses that made him a fascinating writer up to the end of his life. His curiosity was infinite, his polymathia, aided by a card-index system until the destruction in Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat*. And Emily, Huxley's attempt, perhaps in deference to his wife, to create a nice girl, is a sentimental nonsense.

Learning more from books than from life, he was an analyst—or should one repeat his metaphor of "bridge-builder"? The nature of the universe, of time, space, eternity, finity and infinity, was for him a ravelled by specialists in any single discipline. Physics, chemistry, biology, psychology, physiology, sociology, politics, religion, economics, &c., might be necessary for finite human specialists as approaches to the nature of life. But his place was outside, looking on and pointing out connections unseen by others too committed.

He was not a joiner. He would not commit himself to political causes, because change in his view should be total. Though he did not believe in God, he believed in a theocentric base for human action. In an imperfect world he saw that hypocrisy was its uses for good behaviour, and on November 18, 1938 he wrote to his brother Julian favourably of "a crust of custom" next day he wrote refusing to write about the persecution of the Jews in Germany. "It is useless in treat small-pox by cutting out the individual pustules and stitching up the wounds." Yet it might have strengthened the "crust of custom".

He suffered from his refusal to be committed, except to pacifism. Eliot, Waugh, Greene and Auden had found the way out of the post-First World War spiritual quandary in Christianity. But Christianity, as preached by the Churches, did violence to Huxley's reason; and, besides, it could not in his view be accepted as a world religion, because it was historically contaminated by Western imperialism. If he had been a joiner, he might have taken over theosophy. But that would have meant the abandonment of his congenial agnosticism.

His development was very strange. The seeds of his ideas were already planted in *Cromie Yellow*; but as he grew older he praised the very things which he had earlier derided. So when, in 1918, he wrote to J. C. Squire, "How much I disapprove of the Wisdom of the East!" One can hear him in 1925 of the United States. "It's distressing to think that there, on the other side of the water, are one hundred and five million beings whose sole function—if you look at their lives sub specie eternitatis—is to provide people like us with money,

and that yet we remain poor," he will, twelve years later, emigrate to the United States for the rest of his life. And when he complains that Gerald Heard's *Ascent of Humanity* is written "in such a frightful way," this inevitably is the prelude to a lifelong friendship.

What is the clue to this inconsistency, this embracing of what first was rejected? It is not revealed by Huxley's letters, which are throughout rather distant and become increasingly diffuse. But there are some indications. For example, there are remarks in 1925 about "love and humility, which are the same thing".

Men are more solitary now than they were; all authority has gone; the tribe has disappeared and every individual stands alone, surrounded by other solitary individuals and fragments of the old tribe, for which he feels no respect.

In the novels, a series of guru-figures appear from then on. But there was also a personal truth. Huxley later told his son: "When you were a child... I must have been—indeed know that I was—a pretty bad father." And when Maria died, he wrote: "In so far as I have learned to be human—and I had a great capacity for not being human—it is thanks to her."

The quest for humanity ran parallel with a search for God, in whose personality he could not believe. He compiled *The Perennial Philosophy*. Mysticism was a fact authenticated by his reading and by Maria's experience. She had trod the Divine Ground. But Huxley himself remained excluded. By what? By the Huxleyan rationalism? By *keratophoria*? By the sort of dandyism which had made him temporarily admire the life-force of D. H. Lawrence?

In parapsychological phenomena he found a possible solution. He had witnessed the remarkable telepathy of Gilbert Murray in 1915 and observed "it is a wonderful gift to possess". Two years later he talked about "bunkum about astral bodies". But when he had taken root in California he became interested in J. B. Rhine's far less interesting experiments in telepathy and in the whole range of "trip-sending" drugs. He wrote *The Doors of Perception* to describe his experience under mesocain.

Whereas in the past he had hesitated to commit himself, he discarded his caution after his hallucinogenic conversion. Here was a means of seeing God without believing in him. He welcomed the idea of publicizing his visions in *Esquire*, which paid well by serving Memnon as well as God. He accepted, without medical evidence, that mesocain and L.S.D.

Death by frustration

VICTORIA GLENDINNING: *A Suppressed Cry*. 120pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

For the young of today protest, more than almost any other activity, gives them a passport to the warm grandparent and great-grandparent's lonely testimony, a matter of banners, and no certainty at all that they would overcome. For the heroine of Victoria Glendinning's book it was lethal.

Winnie Seeborn was a typical example of the highly intelligent girls of her period who, as Mrs. Glendinning puts it, "seem like lonely bonfires, burning away their frustration and emptiness into their disquiet and private letters". The third daughter of the "six children of Prudence Seeborn", banker and self-taught his- torian, of Hitchin, she was born into a cultivated Quaker clan—responsible, conscientious, never weary in well-doing—which was one of the moral ornaments of nineteenth-century England. By the late twenties of the century Quaker families, while still devout, were oppressively strict, Quaker daughters, at the schoolroom stage, were properly, even strenuously, educated,



Huxley on his last visit to London in 1963

were non-addictive and did not cause personality disturbance, and by his advocacy gave the drugs a respectability he had refused to give to priests against the persecution of the Jews by Hitler. For once he had made a bridge between the specialists and the general public as great as that which his *Art of Seeing* had done, when he improved his sight by the use of the Bates method of eye-training, which enabled him to discard spectacles. Here was an exciting way of stimulating the mystical vision.

Even so he kept some sense of humour. To Dr. Humphry Osmond, a specialist working on mesocain treatment of schizophrenia, he wrote of his unpublished *Esquire* article: I have had to make some changes... owing to the discovery of a long monograph on "Memorial Psychosis" (the Memmorini are Indians in a reservation in Wisconsin) by Professor Slinkin—put a penknif in the statuette—published in the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society* in December, 1952.

In 1955 Maria died, Aldous conducting her into the other world with his left hand on her head and the right on her solar plexus, saying "Let go, let go...". He married thirteen months later Laura

ham. She went home to die after five weeks of increasingly severe asthma attacks; and on inability to eat or speak, both probably exacerbated by an intellectual diet of Pynchon and *The Illustrated London News*—the doctors forbade the books she fought for.

Mrs. Glendinning does not look at the tragedy as the result of frustration and conflict. She is sufficed with security, at once lonely and feared to escape and never had chance to externalize her thoughts and one does not question her therapy. There is one letter from Winnie to a Newham friend which is revealing as well as heartbreaking. One of the things I wanted very much to discover by going to Newham was whether knowledge "per se" was really all-sufficient for some of the women of this age or whether they were only trying to drown their hearts in it as I suspected both of them and myself. Damn Papa. The author was born at Seeborn. She was married, while at Somerville, to the present Earl of Southampton and has four sons. One is tempted to believe in the possibility of a postscript.

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ANGRY BIOGRAPHY.

Arden, whose remarkable book *This Huxley Moment* describes the last years of his life.

I think Huxley's books, whether they were dystopian or utopian such as *Blasphemy*, *Fanshawe*, *Moment* is a work of which ends after a number of years of new interpretations. One death which would probably have convinced Aldous, but for his widow.

She has dedicated her book to the flower children of all ages with their open hearts and minds, with their apathy, and quite wrong to suggest that a minority of the flower children could be accused of the sort of nihilism which led to the ritual murders of Sharon Tate and others. Aldous would still maintain a hold in 1954:

How odd it is that writers like me and Chesterton may sing the praises of alcohol which is responsible for two-thirds of the crimes of violence, be regarded as good Christians and noble fellows, whereas anyone who suggests that there may be harmful short-term effects of alcohol is treated as a dangerous drug fiend and violent writer of weak-minded humbug!

It was Huxley's weakness as a thinker that ideas came bubbling too easily. A new hypothesis of quantum mechanics was worth trying out, however screwball it might appear in some ways, the serene better. Since it might go to the how wrong, or narrow, the edges were. Agnostic, he was prejudiced, unprejudiced, he was anything.

This meant that many of his essays were merely fast-decaying and thinking as end themselves. It is in his words, biography and history, *Esquire*, *Emmeline* and *The Death of a Hero*, that he was at his best: "expounding in concrete terms a variety of general ideas". His own words he stated: "The native five doesn't suffer from being made the centre out of which philosophy radiates... And general ideas take on greater life through being concretized in particular case history." It might also be put in another way: his life was so fertile that left to themselves they proliferated in an untamed jungle: given the discipline of historical fact, his intellect could enlighten the strange, dark corners of human nature that at the same time fascinated, delighted and repelled him.

The plain facts about Fisher's career have been explored and re-explored with equal thoroughness: by Admiral Bacon long ago, by Professor Marder himself in eight volumes of impeccable scholarship, by writers like Mr. Alan Mowbrail in *Gull-ship* and Dr. Oscar Parkes in *British Battleships*. Fisher himself wrote two dazzling volumes of reminiscence, and his extraordinary character has been evoked by writers as varied as Winston Churchill in *Great Contemporaries* and Mr. James Morris in *Pact Britannica*.

It was open to Mr. Hough, however, to tell the story better and more clearly; to present it to a wider readership; and to elucidate Fisher's private life—his misty childhood, an adolescence clouded by known anecdotal embellishments, an optional conduct whose depths (or shallows) have never been publicly probed, and a passionate liaison late in life with a very religious Duchess.

But Mr. Hough seems to have tired of the project: Perhaps he tired for the sweep of sea-action or the splendour of battleships. *First Sea Lord* is far below his glittering past and has to it a half-hearted and unimpressive. The author pays graceful acknowledgment to a "matchless proof-reader", identified elsewhere in the book as "Vice-President of the Society of Indexes", but with more than sixty misprints and printing maddens instantly observable to a more reviewer's eye, this must rank as one of the most slovenly volumes ever to appear beneath a famous imprint.

Mr. Hough emphasizes that the book does not carry "the Marder imprimatur": alas, especially in its early chapters it does seem to bear the impress of the master's style, not the most exciting of his merits. As though inhibited by the dread "Authorized" Biographies, Mr. Hough has dampened his own habitual gusto, nobled his "humour" and even "opinionated" his

Angry old admiral

THOMAS HOUGH: *First Sea Lord*. 224pp. Allen and Unwin. £3.15s.

There are several good purposes to the writing of biography. One is the substitution of new facts, another of new interpretations. One of the justly biography as art, or as entertainment, or didactically, as a source of well-known facts to new generations. It depends partly upon the writer, and partly upon the subject, and chiefly perhaps upon the relationship between the two—love and hate. Though it is a quite wrong to suggest that a minority of the flower children could be accused of the sort of nihilism which led to the ritual murders of Sharon Tate and others, Aldous would still maintain a hold in 1954:

How odd it is that writers like me and Chesterton may sing the praises of alcohol which is responsible for two-thirds of the crimes of violence, be regarded as good Christians and noble fellows, whereas anyone who suggests that there may be harmful short-term effects of alcohol is treated as a dangerous drug fiend and violent writer of weak-minded humbug!

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clarity. Here is an example of his Authorized Style:

The demand for improved machine-guns and quick-firing heavier weapons to drive off the new torpedo boats and destroyers, which were becoming ever larger and swifter and more numerous, resulted in the introduction of more efficient weapons to minimize this threat to the battleship.

Nor does he offer much new material to minimize this stylistic threat to his narrative. Nearly all the best letters in this book have been published before, and most of the best stories too. There is very little new about Fisher's upbringing in Ceylon: Mr. Hough does not appear to have visited the birthplace, and uncritically accepts many of Fisher's romantic assertions—even the dutiful Bacon preferred to ignore the Admiral's claim that he had been nominated for the Navy by Nelson's niece. The best part of the book, unexpectedly, is not the chapter which describes Fisher's disastrous indecision over the Dardanelles, but the account of his first period of office as First Sea Lord, when he pushed through the dramatic Selborne reforms of naval education, and launched the Dreadnought programme.

And what of Fisher's love life? Were his critics right when they suggested that his endless bubbling flirtations were less innocent than they seemed? Almost certainly not, is Mr. Hough's verdict; but then an "almost" is as useless as a "don't know". As for the affair with the Duchess of Hamilton, here at least we tread fresh ground. It was a highly selfish friendship. Lady Fisher was still alive when it began, and was understandably wounded when Fisher, withdrawing at last from power in 1915, instantly travelled to Scotland for the duchess's comforts. As Mr. Hough says, his wife did not offer him the dazzle, the flattery and the unbridled attention he was accustomed to obtaining from less domestic ladies; and though he professed devotion to her till the end, still the print between the lines seems to suggest he was bored with her. Whether his relationship with the Duchess was anything more than the last platonic imbrication of an eccentric and slightly senile old codger Mr. Hough does not allow himself to contemplate.

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First and foremost, Lambe was an outstandingly competent naval officer. His progress to the pinnacle of First Sea Lord included not only important sea commands, but three years in the Plans Division of the Admiralty during the most critical months of the Second World War. As a flag-officer, after the war, he occupied all the important posts con-

nected with naval aviation, which he had made his special concern. He served a difficult term as Second Sea Lord when radical changes were being made in the Navy's officer structure. His work in the Plans Division took him to all the important Allied war conferences with Churchill, and he had further contact with the great through his friendship with Lord Mountbatten and his tours as equerry with Edward VIII and George VI.

There was another side to Lambe which put him in a category of his own among his fellow admirals. He was cultured, imaginative and liberal in his political and social views. As a flag-officer, not only did he take two penos to sea, but was a competent enough performer to have professional such as Lennox Berkeley beppy to play duets with him. He joined the Bach Choir as a young officer on the staff course and rejoined it as First Sea Lord, after submitting to the required voice test. To his music he added wide literary and artistic interests. Mr. Warner's readers will be able to sample many pages of his effective, descriptive writing. It must have been the sensitivity and wide awareness that these artistic leanings suggest which produced in Lambe the characteristic which, to those who knew him, was his singular capacity to enter into the feelings of men of every conceivable status and background.

The book has an index of stunning complexity (*Monte Carlo: out of proceeds of his memoirs, IF takes Duchess of Hamilton and her eldest son in 1920, 357, 369*—the latter a misprint, as it happens, for 361). It has no bibliography. Its chief value, all the same, is scholarly. It does put Fisher's life in proportion, and will encourage those who know the facts already to do some re-thinking of their own. Authorized though it is, it is not altogether a flattering portrait of the man. We see him finally as a brilliant, fascinating, inviolable but oddly weak person. His ebullience is seen to be largely protective, and a streak of self-pity shows. He believed himself a spiritual successor to Nelson, arranging to assume office on Trafalgar Day, tracing unconvincing coincidences and connections, even perhaps choosing his last duet because of her name; but his terrible contribution to the tragedy of the Dardanelles was a most un-Nelsonic shilly-shally.

He was not a fighting admiral. He only saw action twice—in Chitta as a boy, in Egypt as a young man. He was essentially an intellectual, a social and technical reformer, a visionary. He would like to have fought his own Trafalgar, but one is left with the feeling that those dullard subordinates of his, those plodding gentlemen who seemed with their mess-room japes and unimpassioned traditionalism, were better qualified than he was for war at sea. He was liable to crack. They, through all the miseries of two world wars, undauntedly of publicity and uninspired of intellect, proved themselves capable nevertheless of sticking it out to the end. Fisher's magnificent flair won the little Battle of the Falkland Islands: it was another kind of officer who won the epic Battle of the Atlantic.

Mr. Hough, too, has done his duty, and moves into the flag-rank of Authorized Biographer. Now he will, one hopes, return to those wider horizons of his predilection, turning more from the angry old Admiral at distant fleets at sea: white hulls in tropical waters, the smudge of black smoke that thrillingly betrays an enemy, and the towering battlemented battleships themselves—the ultimate emblems of man's fecundity, in those long-dead days of innocence.

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JOHN COLE

A mirror held up to nature

ROY STRONG: The English Icon: Elizabethan and Jacobean Portraiture. 388pp. The Paul Mellon Foundation for British Art with Routledge and Kegan Paul. £10.10s. Tudor and Jacobean Portraits, Vol. 1: Text. 390pp. Vol. II: 693 plates. H.M.S.O. £15.15s. The sat. The Elizabethan Image: Painting in England 1540-1620. Catalogue of an Exhibition organized at the Tate Gallery. 26 November 1989-8 February 1970. 16s. (Paparback, 12s. 6d.)

"Christ, what a fright!", exclaimed Princess Charlotte, the eldest daughter of George III, on being shown a miniature of Queen Elizabeth by Hilliard, so far was the art of the period alien to late eighteenth-century aesthetic ideas. Indeed with the attempts of Henry Prince of Wales and his younger brother Charles I to bring the culture of their father's somewhat old-fashioned English court rather more into line with that of continental Europe, many Elizabethan portraits had already begun to be pushed into the back passages of English country houses within less than a century of their creation. There they mouldered in the damp British climate until repainting, often very crudely attempted, became necessary lest the pigment actually fall off the picture surface of these neglected ancestral images.

The death of Hilliard, the greatest Elizabethan artist of them all, in 1619 marked the end of an age. When Van Dyck finally settled here in 1632 his work made Elizabethan portraiture appear, as even the enthusiastic author of the three books under review admits, "like so much gaudy dross" by comparison. And dross it remained in the eyes of most owners until well on in the present age. Neither the first Special National Portrait Exhibition held at South Kensington in 1896 nor the enthusiasm of Victorian historians like Froude for the age of the first Elizabeth, succeeded in rekindling interest in Elizabethan painting. That task was left to the twentieth century. Rehabilitation began with Sir Lionel Cust and the Burlington Fine Arts Club's Exhibition Illustrative of Early English Portraiture held in 1909. An enthusiasm, and that of a few students inspired by his example, like Mrs. Lane Poole, Miss Mary Hervey, C. F. Bell, R. W. Goulding and A. J. Finberg, began to illuminate such forgotten artists as Hans Eworth, the De Critz family and Robert Peake, and to distinguish what really was by the younger Marcus Gheeraerts from the innumerable paintings which merely bore his name by tradition.

But since the end of the Second World War the study of Elizabethan art has speeded up greatly. The first milestone was the splendid exhibition of miniatures by Hilliard and Oliver organized and admirably catalogued by Graham Reynolds in 1947. This was followed by Miss Erna Auerbach's richly documented if somewhat uncritical and confused *Tudor Artists* (1954) and her better organized study *Nicholas Hilliard* (1961). Two of Cust's successors as Directors of the National Portrait Gallery, David Piper and Rny Strong, have been particularly closely associated with the revival of interest in Elizabethan and Jacobean painting; and during the past decade Mr. Strong has led the field: publishing a long series of learned articles, an iconography of Queen Elizabeth, a study of Henry VIII's relations with Holbein, and organizing important exhibitions devoted to The Winter Queen and Hans Eworth. This year his work has blossomed in a series of magisterial volumes, exhibitions, television interviews and "happenings". First to appear was the huge catalogue of the Tudor and Jacobean Portraits in the National Portrait Gallery itself, perhaps the bulkiest catalogue ever to be devoted to a smallish group of paintings—there are about 200 of them. To coincide with the catalogue's appearance, the galleries where they are displayed have been rehung with

that acute sense of showmanship which has already enlivened the Portrait Gallery greatly during his short tenure of the directorship. The latest of his publications, *The English Icon*, is a full-length study of the portraiture of the same period and its appearance has been made to coincide with a wide-ranging exhibition of Elizabethan portraits at the Tate Gallery which Mr. Strong has organized and catalogued.

A series of articles appearing in the *Burlington Magazine* and other serious art journals over the past two decades (six of Mr. Strong's own most important ones are reprinted as appendices to *The English Icon*) have gradually been making a number of Elizabethan painters emerge from the mist which obscured them for earlier generations, all but their names. Even these were sometimes unknown until recently, as is the case with William Larkin, an "unsung master" and perhaps the most appealing of them all—who first appeared on the scene when two signed examples of his work were found at Charlotte Park in 1932. Gower, Peake, Scroto and Segar are now reasonably well defined personalities, as is John Bettes; while the scope of Hans Eworth's art and that of the younger Marcus Gheeraerts have become a good deal clearer than they were to earlier writers. Even so, Mr. Strong's well-informed readers will probably be surprised by the number of sixteenth and seventeenth-century artists to whom he is able to ascribe a group of portraits with reasonable certainty. If the still anonymous painters like the "Master John" recorded in Princess Mary's Privy Purse accounts, or Mr. Strong's own "Master of the Countess of Warwick" are included, the work of a full thirty is discussed in the three books under review and no less than 364 paintings by or ascribed to them are illustrated. Learning is everywhere marshalled with great skill, and it is rarely that Mr. Strong can be faulted. But surely the Latin inscription on the anonymous but haunting portrait of the young John Donne is adapted wittily from the evensong collect for Peace and is not a parody of the psalms" as the Tate catalogue asserts. And one misses from the list of works attributed to Stephen van de Meulen in *The English Icon* the Wallace Collection's "Earl of Leicester", attributed to this artist in the same author's National Portrait Gallery catalogue *Tudor and Jacobean Portraits*.

Mr. Strong's method is, for the most part, the common-sense art historical procedure of starting from signed or documented works and proceeding to group around them other works on grounds of style. In the case of certain painters like Hieronimo Custodis and Robert Peake their idiosyncratic use of inscriptions has also provided additional support to stylistic criteria. In his catalogues of the works of individual artists Mr. Strong distinguishes perfectly clearly between documented, semi-documented portraits and those he attributes on stylistic grounds alone. How convincing these latter are the public can judge from the current exhibition being held at the Tate Gallery, where more than half the paintings discussed in *The English Icon* are being exhibited. Although "Painting in England 1540-1620" is the sub-title of the exhibition, in fact only two paintings which are not portraits are included, both of them antipapal allegories. In *The English Icon*, understandably, subject pictures play an even slighter part. The orgy of iconoclasm with which the period opened and which was not slowed down until Elizabeth's proclamation in 1559 practically killed historical painting in England. The same wild anti-Romanism also severed any artistic links with Italy, for to the Elizabethan mind, subject painting meant, in effect, religious painting. It is true that the Elizabethan love of allegory and riddling emblems

occasionally makes their portraits almost tumble into subject painting in spite of themselves, as in Eworth's strange representation of "Sir John Luttrell" rising like a merman from the sea, or the "Elizabeth I and the Three Graces" from Hampton Court. But this is usually as near as they got to real subject painting.

Accurate representations of themselves and their families was what the Elizabethans and Jacobean unquestionably wanted most, with perhaps a series of the King's and Queen's portraits and possibly a few great continental figures to enliven the Long Gallery in the larger houses of the period. They wanted them, too, to make the sitter stand out as the owner's social status perfectly clear. Bess of Hardwick's collection (which remains relatively intact at Hardwick today) was certainly designed to stress the exalted connections that this offspring of a Derbyshire yeoman had established by family marriages. It was all part of the genealogical mania which beset the age. It struck Lord Lumley particularly badly: he was the possessor of the most famous collection of the age, which included not only painted ancestral portraits but numerous sculptures, equestrian statues, busts and groups, all of which transformed Lumley Castle into "a pantheon dedicated to the vanished glories of his house" as Mr. Strong describes it. More sharply, James I remarked: "I didna ken Adam's ither name was Lumley".

This emphasis on iconology, complementing the aesthetic concern of *The English Icon*, is almost the sole

Above the Doge's head

JUERGEN SCHULZ: Venetian Palatial Callings of the Renaissance. 244pp. University of California Press. (I.B.E.G.) £11.16s.

It would be understandable if the most vivid memories in the minds of visitors to the Palazzo Ducale in Venice were not of the architecture of the building nor of the works of art that it contains, but of the ornate gilt wood and painted ceilings which, in room after room, create an overpowering sense of material wealth and visual opulence. There is the Sala del Consiglio dei Dieci, which still preserves two of its three great paintings by Veronese (one of them, the largest, was taken by the French and is now in the Louvre); the Sala della Bussola, also by Veronese and also, for the same reason, lacking its centrepiece; the Stanza dei Tre Capitoli, with Veronese's beautiful allegories of Victory and Nemesis; the Salotto Quadrato, with Tintoretto's majestic painting of Girolamo Friuli with his patron saint accompanied by Peace and Justice; the Sala degli Inquisitori di Stato, also by Tintoretto; the Sala del Collegio, for which Veronese produced three masterpieces; the vast Sala del Maggior Consiglio, on which both these artists and a host of minor painters collaborated; the Sala del Pregadi, one of Tintoretto's last official commissions, with its impressive but unequal central painting of Venice receiving the tribute of the sea; the passageway leading to the Sala del Scrutinio, painted by a pupil of Titian; and the Sala del Scrutinio itself, whose ceiling dates from the very end of the sixteenth century, when Veronese and Tintoretto were both dead. Given the importance of these and many similar works elsewhere in the city, it is surprising that the Venetian painted ceiling did not many years ago form the subject of a book. Had it done so, we might have one of the best books on Venetian High Renaissance painting to have appeared for many years.

The subject is a far from easy one, since the ceilings demand analysis from a number of different points of view. They must be studied his-

torically (two of the ceilings in the Palazzo Ducale are decorated with historical scenes, and some of the others are historically motivated), and formally (in terms of the development between the articulation of San Saverio's ceiling in the Libreria di San Marco and that of Cristoforo Sone's ceilings at the end of the century, and optically (in relation to the projection of the paintings incorporated in them and of the space illusion they were intended to create), and stylistically (since they include many great paintings by great artists). This intricate material is due in large part to the fact that he has found a clear distinction between the those who write books on art-history and those who tempt it to allow facts to seep back from the catalogue into the text, and only those who read them know how prejudicial the practice is. The really useful books are those with a lucid text which is not clogged with information, where the writer allows himself the elbow-room to generalize. In the present book even amateur iconographical speculation is eschewed, and the result is a fascinating study not only of the development of Venetian ceiling decoration in the High Renaissance, but of its antecedents in the fifteenth century and of its outcome in the seventeenth century of Rubens's ceilings for the Jesuit Church at Antwerp and for Whitehall, and in the eighteenth century in Tiepolo's ceiling paintings in the Royal Palace in Madrid.

The detailed history of the Venetian painted ceiling can be traced only from the 1540s, when Vasari, only briefly in Venice, engaged on a ceiling for the Palazzo Corner-Spinelli, and Titian was at work on the ceiling of Santo Spirito in Isola (the paintings from which are now in the sacristy of the Scuola) and of the Scuola di San Giovanni Evangelista (of which the central canvas is in Washington). Painted in emulation of the "St. John on Patmos" from this last ceiling is a less typical and less congenial than Tiepolo's only other surviving work in the same genre, the

"Allegory of Wisdom" painted by the vestibule of the Libreria di San Marco. In the mid-1540s Tintoretto also makes his first appearance as a ceiling painter, with the nine "Apollo and Marsyas" from the house of Pietro Aretina, now in the Wadsworth Atheneum. It is argued by Professor Schulz that two ceiling paintings in the Contini-Bonacossi collection, generally dated c.1550, were painted at the same time, but this case is unconvincing.

The early 1550s bring with them a series of masterpieces by Veronese, opening with the painting of "Juno showering Riches over Venice" in the Sala del Consiglio dei Dieci, and culminating in 1555 in the sacristy of San Sebastiano. The sacristy ceiling is followed immediately by what are perhaps the most brilliant of all Venetian ceiling paintings: the scenes from the story of Esther in the nave of the church. By comparison the ceiling of the Libreria, where Veronese is found working alongside Salvati, Battista Franco, Zelotti and other artists, is comparatively unimpressive. Not until the decoration of the Sala del Collegio in 1576-78 do we encounter a further cycle that reveals the whole of his extraordinary powers.

Tintoretto in the mid-1550s was engaged in the Casa Barbo near San Pantaleone: on a ceiling of which the only surviving section is the "Allegory of Dreams" in Detroit, and he realizes his full potential as a ceiling painter only in the following decade in the Albergo of the Scuola di San Rocco, which was followed, after a short lapse of time, by the sublime biblical scenes in the Sala Superiore of the Scuola. Thereafter the story is one of slow decline: first in those parts of the Palazzo Ducale decorated after the fire of 1577, where the ideas of Tintoretto and Veronese were realized in large part by studio hands; and then in the heavily Giuliano and the Scuola di San Giovanni Contarini in San Francesco della Pace. It remains to be seen if an excellent book is illustrated as well and amply as it deserves.

Biography
Svetlana Alliluyeva
ONLY ONE YEAR

Anita Leslie

JENNIE
THE LIFE OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

Frank Swinnerton
REFLECTIONS FROM A VILLAGE

H. J. P. Arnold
PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE WORLD

A BIOGRAPHY OF HERBERT PONTING

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STRUMPET CITY

Maureen Duffy
WOUNDS

Harry Kestelman
SUNDAY THE RABBI STAYED HOME

Dennis Wheatley
EVIL IN A MASK

Norah Lofts
THE LOST ONES

Joseph O'Connor
A LION TRAP

Evelyn Anthony
THE LEGEND

Sylvia Bruce
THE WONDERFUL GARDEN

W. H. Canaway
A MORAL OBLIGATION

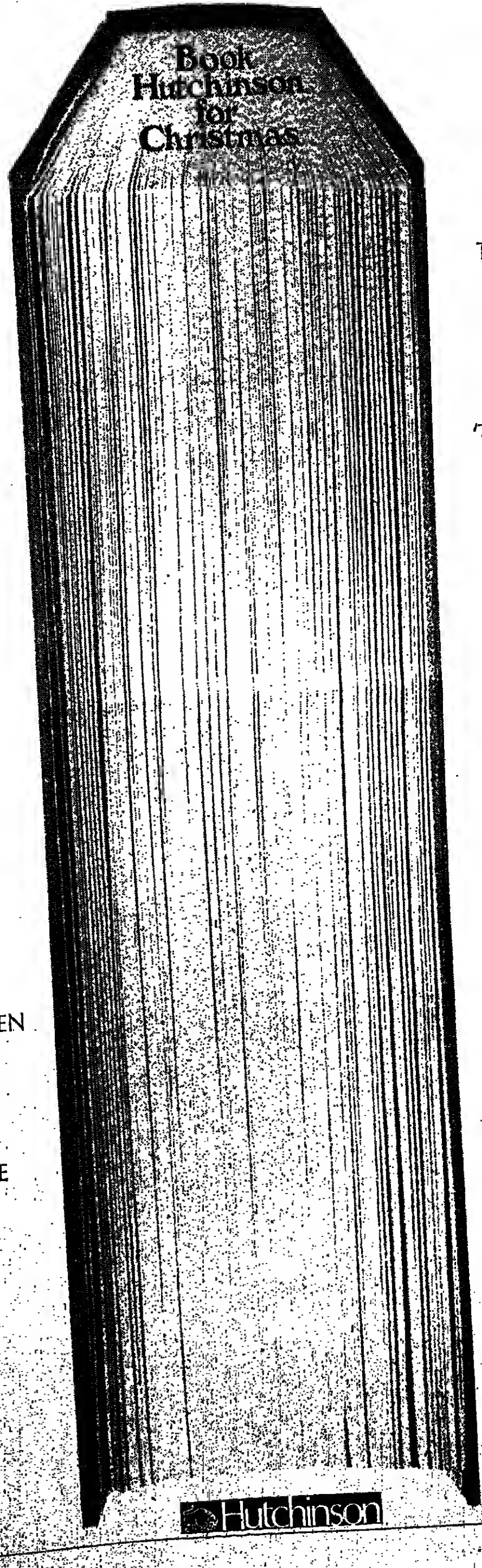
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Bill Tidy
TIDY'S WORLD
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Peter Bull
BEAR WITH ME
30s

Arts
Michael Dempsey (Ed.)
THE YEAR'S ART
210s

David Elliston Allen
THE VICTORIAN FERN CRAZE
A HISTORY OF PTERIDOMANIA
21s

John Coile

Books received

Art

CHIFFORD, DEREK. *The Paintings of P. A. de Laszlo*. 128pp. Literary Services and Production. £5 5s.

Mr. Chifford has written an essay in defence of the commercially and socially successful portrait painter, accompanied by some good reproductions, in colour or half-tone, of his work. The illustrations show a competent artist in the realist Munkácsy tradition regressing via intimations of Bastien-Lepage and the Munich genre painters—Laszlo won a scholarship to the Bavarian Academy in 1889—to the flatteringly portraiture that made his name, redeemed now and again by small oil landscapes indicative of a genuine, if overwhelmingly compromised, talent. The text is interesting for its adaptation of the doctrine of social-psychological predestination, more often used of criminals, to beg indulgence for artistic compromise and social climbing. Laszlo, we read, "needed to be on personal familiar terms with kings and emperors, popes and presidents," he "needed worldly success," hence the "social pressures" which prevented him from making better use of his gifts. He apparently spoke himself of having to yield to his "need of money and my ardent desire to help my people," but what this latter amounted to is not made clear.

Laszlo is summed up as "one of the most successful portrait-painters in terms of satisfied sitters of social eminence which [sic] the world has ever known." Inductively, it never seems to strike Mr. Chifford what an utterly damning verdict this is.

Astronomy

BECKETT, J. C. and FRISWELL, G. C. and PARKER, G. K. C. *Project Apollo: The Way to the Moon*. 212pp. Chatto and Windus. 36s.

Here at last is a book about the Apollo mission in the Moon written with real authority and considerable detail. The three authors are engineers of wide experience and knowledge of their subject and their book gives a systematic account of this remarkably complex project with no sensational reporting, no politics, and no mathematics. The first few pages cover the early development of the plan, the exploration of the Moon by Ranger, Surveyor and Orbiter satellites, and the value of the Mercury and Gemini missions. The reasons for adopting the Apollo method are discussed, and each section of the whole vast enterprise is then described in detail: the command, service and lunar modules, the launch vehicles, the launching sites, the giant vehicle assembly building and the extensive communication network. An account is given of all the Apollo missions, and the way in which various problems and setbacks have been overcome. Each chapter is illustrated by admirable line drawings, and there are some good photographs. This is a carefully prepared, well produced technical account of a remarkable achievement, and it can be most warmly recommended.

History

BECKETT, J. C. (Editor). *Historical Studies VII*. 124pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2.

A fresh consideration of Pope Pius XII's policy towards Nazi Germany is undertaken by V. Conzemius in one of these papers read at the 1967 conference of Irish historians in Belfast. While admitting that no final judgment is yet possible, he makes a qualified defence of the Pope in answer to the criticisms which began with Rolf Hochhuth's *The Representative*. Pius XII is here acquitted of cowardice and his motives in refraining from outright condemnation of Nazism are seen as the preservation of the Church and the hope, by maintaining relations with Hitler's government, of mitigating the sufferings of Catholics.

Aviation

FESTUS, NELSON. *The Greatest Air Race: England-Australia 1919*. 188pp. Angus and Robertson. 36s.

When the successful flight of Ross and Keith Smith from England to Australia in a Vimy bomber is recalled, people are apt to forget that six other Australian crews—and one Frenchman—set out in the hope of winning the £10,000 prize. Mr. Festus traces all their adventures and misfortunes over that undeveloped route and dig into their past to present excellent biographies of these gallant optimists. His particular

interest as a philatelist concerns the flown covers of the period, but his contribution to aeronautical history, allowing for a few slips, is readable and valuable.

LEE, ARTHUR. *Golden Open Cockpit*. 183pp. Jarrolds. 35s.

As a lighter pilot in 1917, the most trying year of the R.F.C., Air Vice-Marshal Lee lasted more than seven months on the western front and took part in fifty odd combats. There was plenty of material for the diaries he appears to have kept, and this second book about his experiences is as successful as was his first in showing what the life was like, how the participants felt and reacted, and how narrow a margin usually separated survival from disaster. Despite all the dangers and discomforts, it is also eloquent of the airman's horror when he found himself mixed up with war on the ground, especially that part of it which involved him in ground strafing. This is one of the best books of its kind.

Botany

LANDON, BRIAN. *The Tuberosa Begonia*. 98pp. Cassell. £4 10s.

The name of Landon has been associated with the culture of *Tuberosa Begonia*, near Bath, for three generations. An historical account of the introduction of South American species into Britain is followed by practical details of their subsequent development and cultivation, and of hybridization and growing for show. Colour plates and very beautiful botanical drawings enrich the text, written with specialist knowledge and enthusiasm, but also with a lightness of touch. Recognizing that there are "as many different ways to grow *Begonia* as there are good gardeners," the author gives generous information which makes the book of great value to professionals and amateurs alike.

Education

PERCIVAL, ALVIN. *The Origins of the Headmasters' Conference*. 98pp. John Murray. 21s.

This particular little book sifts the origins of an organization which is now popularly reckoned to define the public schools. It challenges the accepted notion that Thring of Uppingham started it all and it shows that what is now looked on as an exclusive club began as a movement for self defence. The facts have not always been easy to come by and some queries remain: but this is a very worthwhile contribution to the history of English schools.

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DONALDSON, GORDON (Editor). *The Memoirs of Sir James Melville of Hillhall*. 184pp. The Folio Society. 39s. 6d.

Melville was a courtier under Mary Queen of Scots and James VI whose recollections of his diplomatic missions, particularly to the court of Elizabeth, are a minor classic of the period. He alone, for instance, tells of Elizabeth's anguished reaction to the news of the birth of Mary's son, The Folio Society, as usual, presents him in a handsome dress with its ornamental binding in green and gold and curious illustrations in colour it is a pleasure to the eye. The treatment of the text is more open to question. The editor chooses to follow the original edition of 1683

rather than the more accurate Bannatyne edition, though he admits that Melville's first editor, his grandson George Scott, took considerable liberties with the text. Mr. Donaldson himself also feels free to cut, and to modernize, the phrasing. His version begins only on Scott's page 45, and in his second page the appearance of a Mr. Laton—where Scott has Halton—arouses some misgiving.

HUTTON, BARBARA. *Clifton and Its People in the Nineteenth Century*. 36pp. Yorkshire Philosophical Society. 11s.

By confining her study to a comparatively short period Mrs. Hutton has been able to make a rather unusually detailed inquiry into a phase of local history: the process of Clifton's transformation from a village into a suburb of York. When the manor lands were put up for sale in 1836, few were sold, perhaps because people preferred to invest in the new railway. But the sale was the beginning of a local transformation which she proceeds to trace out both in relation to the land and to the individual people involved.

KUHLICK, F. W., and EMMISON, F. G. (Editors). *English Local History Handbook*. 84pp. The Historical Association. 13s. 6d.

A fourth revised edition of the Historical Association's invaluable classified guide to books on local history and antiquities, which includes much work recently published. This edition includes an index of places as well as a subject-index.

Religion

The New Testament, Volume II: The Letters and the Revelation. Translated by William Barclay. 350pp. Collins. 25s.

The first volume of Dr. Barclay's translation was published just over a year ago; this second volume completes the New Testament, and it is in all ways a worthy complement to the first. Just as previously Dr. Barclay arranged the Gospels and Acts in the order he thinks they were written, and provided each with a brief introduction, so now he treats the Letters of Paul. (The only change in the accepted order of the other letters, however, is that Jude is placed next to Peter.) And whereas previously he concluded with an extended essay "On Translating the New Testament," he now adds a sixty-page glossary of "New Testament Words" and notes on twenty-two difficult passages in the Letters.

Social Studies

HARRIS, C. C. *The Family*. 212pp. Allen and Unwin. 35s. (Paperback 21s.)

This is yet another introductory text for sociology students, who must by now be wondering if the flood will ever end. Though the writing is as usual not as clear and untechnical as it needs to be to serve its purpose, Mr. Harris's book is lifted from the rut by some occasional touches of humour, some practical examples and an argumentative style of presentation.

STACEY, MARGARET (Editor). *Comparability in Social Research*. 134pp. Heinemann. 10s.

This is the product of a useful joint enterprise. The British Sociological Association, properly concerned to encourage more businesslike social research, convened a working party whose members contributed papers under a variety of headings: each paper intelligently discusses how to promote "comparability" in the collection of research data. The Social Science Research Council, rightly thinking that the collection was worth publishing, gave its support. It was a nice idea to include a dedication to the late John Madge, who was a member of the working party and who, throughout his life, did much to help make social science more systematic.

STUTTARD, GEOFFREY. *Work Is Hell. An Anatomy of Workplace Clothes*. 126pp. Macdonald. 21s.

The author's case, in fact, is that work is not or should not be hell but an essential part of life and a centre

of human satisfactions, that hard work and play are part of the same experience but that we need education to enjoy the experience. The alternative to common assumptions which Mr. Stuttard presents reflects much present-day thinking about industrial relations. He points out, for instance, that industrial relations are not a battle between two sides but many-sided. Strikes in Britain are not widespread. Industrial conflict should not be seen as an evil but used for positive purposes. Workplace government is a collective activity. A cleverly devised and lively little volume.

Theatre

MANOIR, RAYMOND, and MITCHELSON, JIM. *Musical Comedy*. 64pp. Peter Davies. £3 3s.

Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchelson's prefatory essay and their series of photographs cover not only musical comedy proper but also the musicals which came in with *Okla!oma!* Mr. Noel Coward's foreword confines itself to the former, and he writes very agreeably indeed of its joys and absurdities. The authors' essay is a brief history, with copious quotations from the contemporary press, of the genesis, evolution and extension of the form. They list the productions which have run for 500 or more performances in London between 1894 and 1968 and also note the numbers of their performances in New York.

The older playgoer will get the most enjoyment, much of it nostalgic, from the illustrations, which constitute the greater part of the book. George Edwards very rightly figures in the first of them: the image of a late Victorian purveyor of light entertainment, with flower in buttonhole, generous mustache and well-filled waistcoat—and the choice of stars who performed his pieces over the years is comprehensive and discriminating.

Trade Unions

LANE, PETER. *Trade Unions*. 96p. Batsford. 18s.

Accompanied by seventy-six excellent illustrations, Mr. Lane's book goes back to the early days of the unions and gives a brief picture of them as they are today. Extreme simplification results in some inaccuracies, particularly in the statistics dealing with the unions' position and organization, but in broad outlines the volume is well balanced. It should help students acquire some understanding of much discussed but little understood subject.

Transport

HARRIS, ROBERT. *Canals and the Architecture*. 223pp. Hutchinson. £4 4s.

Books about canals, of which there are now many, can be divided into the nostalgic and the practical. The greater need today for the latter because there are many urgent questions relating to the future of canals and their place in a national transport system that need to be discussed. Mr. Harris has, however, chosen an easier descriptive-historical treatment, attempting a chronological survey of canals and the structures associated with them from the eighteenth century until today. This has been done many times recently, but this book adds little information that already available, and is somewhat amateurish in its arrangement.

In the Book News column of December 4, the title of the winner of the prize in the Elizabethan Children's Book Competition was wrongly given. The correct title is *Evered's Life of Henry VIII* by Michael Edwards (Batsford).

André Hentzke has asked us to announce that they intend to publish the English edition of *Luc McGinness's Selling of the President* the subject of our front page article on November 13 in March, 1970.

A REMINDER

Pre-publication prices closing on 31st December, 1969
Full prices will apply from 1st January, 1970

BERLIOZ, Hector: *Collected literary works 1844-70*
8 vols. Pre-publication £58 15s.; Published £77 10s.

BURNET, Gilbert: *History of the reformation of the church of England*. A new edition by N. Pocock. 1865
7 vols. Pre-publication £100; Published £135

DUNSCOTUS, Joannes: *Opera omnia 1891-95*
26 vols. Pre-publication £800; Published £800

FROUDE, James Anthony: *Thomas Carlyle, a history of his life in London, 1834-1881* 1884
2 vols. Pre-publication £8; Published £10

LUTTRELL, Narcissus: *A brief historical relation of estate affairs from September 1878 to April 1714 ('Luttrell's Diary') 1857*
6 vols. Pre-publication £90; Published £120

MARTÈNE, Edmond & DURAND, Ursin: *Voyage littéraire de deux bénédictins de la congrégation de Saint-Maur 1717, 1724*
2 vols. Pre-publication £35; Published £42 10s.

PETRIE, Henry (ed.): *Monumenta historica Britannica, material for the history of Britain from the earliest period 1841*
2 vols. Pre-publication £89; Published £92 10s.

PITS, John (Pitaeus): *Relationum hietoricarum de rebus anglis*
Pre-publication £25; Published £50

SHARAF KHAN IBN SHAMS UL DIN, Bidlis: *Sharaf Nama 1680-84*
6 vols. Pre-publication £84; Published £105

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